JAMES JOYCE

ULYSSES

STUDENT'S EDITION

THE CORRECTED TEXT
EDITED BY HANS WALTER GABLER
WITH WOLFHARD STEPPE AND
CLAUS MELCHIOR
AND WITH A NEW PREFACE BY
RICHARD ELLMANN

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reference. The lines of each episode
are numbered separately.
The episode number is given at
the foot of each page.

PENGUIN STUDENT'S EDITION

ULYSSES

James Joyce was born in Dublin on 2 February 1882. He was one of a large family described by his father as 'sixteen or seventeen children'. He was educated at Clongowes Wood College and later at Belvedere College, Dublin. He did well at school, being interested in poetry, Latin and languages. In 1898 he went to the Dublin college of the Royal University, where he studied philosophy and languages. He was interested in the theatre and in April 1900 wrote in the *Fortnightly Review* on Ibsen's *When We Dead Awaken*. In October 1902 Joyce went to Paris, but returned to Dublin in 1903 as his mother was dying. He taught at a school in Dalkey until he married in 1904, when he and his wife went to Zurich and later Trieste, where Joyce taught languages in the Berlitz school.

He returned to Dublin in 1912, when he made an unsuccessful attempt to publish *Dubliners* privately. He spent the First World War in Zurich with his wife and two children in great poverty, but was helped by a grant of £100 from the Privy Purse. He lived in Paris from 1920, and published in 1922 *Ulysses* and in 1939 *Finnegans Wake*. He died in January 1941.

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PREFACE

Joyce's theme in *Ulysses* was simple. He invoked the most elaborate means to present it. Like other great writers, he sensed that the methods available to him in previous literature were insufficient, and he determined to outreach them. The narrator figure who often in earlier novels chaperones the reader round the action disappears. In *Ulysses* his place is taken by a series of narrators, usually undependable, who emerge and disappear without being identified.

Sometimes the narrative is impersonal, and in one episode, as if to mock this method by excess, a camera-like eye roves at random through Dublin, focusing on seemingly unrelated patches of urban life. In its subject-matter Joyce's book invades our privacy. Experiences once considered too intimate for literature, such as going to the toilet, appear as a matter of course. The negotiation with language which Joyce carried on all his life assumes many forms in this book. In one episode the stages in the ontogeny of a foetus are recapitulated in the stages of development of English prose style. In another, words come as close to turning into musical notes as words can. The characters, too, are reconceived: they offer new blends of heroism and mock-heroism. Their thoughts are disclosed in internal monologues that register the slightest waverings of consciousness or of the world that surrounds consciousness. The author intervenes only with stage directions, not necessarily sympathetic. The passions and counter-passions of the characters' unconscious minds once take external form in a vaudeville version that, while retaining ludicrousness, manages yet to fall somewhere between horror and pathos. A whole galaxy of new devices and stances and verbal antics, extravagant, derisive, savage, rollicking, tender, and lyrical, is held in Joyce's ironic dominion. Behind all the manifold disguises can be felt the pervasive presence of an author who never in the book acknowledges his existence.

Since *Ulysses* is as difficult as it is entertaining, readers have often felt that it puts them on their mettle. The decipherment of obscurities has gone on apace. But certain tangles have escaped notice because readers assume that they have missed something, not that Joyce has nodded. For some time now we have known that neither was to blame. The text was faulty. Given its unprecedented idiosyncracy, mistakes were inevitable.

Joyce was too scrupulous a writer to tolerate even minor flaws. Soon after Sylvia Beach published the first edition of *Ulysses* under the imprint of Shakespeare and Company, on February 2, 1922, he compiled a list of errata. It was by no means complete. Further corrections were made from time to time in subsequent printings. Then in 1932 his friend Stuart Gilbert, freshly aware of more errors because he had just helped with a translation of the book into French, amended the text for the Odyssey Press edition published in Hamburg. Finally, in 1936 Joyce reread the book before it was published in London by The Bodley Head. After that year there is a history of publishers with varying degrees of conscientiousness trying to correct misprints, and quite often adding more. A famous instance is the final dot at the end of the penultimate chapter. This was assumed to be a flyspeck and dropped, when in fact it was the obscure yet indispensable answer to the precise and final question, 'Where?' Joyce gave specific instructions to the printer to enlarge the dot rather than to drop it.

The situation has been confused enough to require expert assistance. Hans Walter Gabler, a professor at the University of Munich, trained in the rigorous textual-editing school of the University of Virginia, conceived the idea of a new edition. This would not merely touch up the text of 1922, but would return to manuscript evidence, typescripts, and proofs. His rationale for this procedure was fairly complex. Typist and typesetter had tended to conventionalize Joyce's mannered punctuation and spelling, and Joyce, on the lookout for large issues, did not always notice details of this kind. It appears also that he rarely had an earlier version beside him when he was correcting a later one. Relying on memory, he sometimes sanctioned the inadvertent dropping of phrases; at other times, not recalling the earlier version exactly but sensing something was missing, he devised a circumlocutory substitute. Add to these propensities his defective eyesight and frequent haste. With so many complaints, one wonders that such an author ever wrote such a book. Fortunately he plugged on. What Gabler aims at is an ideal text, such as Joyce would have constructed in ideal conditions. The new edition relies heavily upon the evidence of existing manuscripts; where these have been lost, it attempts to deduce from other versions what the lost documents would have contained.

Happily Professor Gabler is conservative in his construction of this ideal text. Few of the five thousand and more changes he has introduced will excite great controversy. Most of them involve what textual scholars call 'accidentals,' matters of punctuation or spelling. No one will belittle the importance of punctuation in prose that is so carefully wrought and close to poetry as Joyce's, but these changes are quiet rather than earthshaking. Admirers of the book will wish to have the admirable new edition, but need not expect to find it an unfamiliar work. *Ulysses* has been given a commendably high polish and some of its small perfections have been recovered.

The substantive changes, though less frequent, are often obvious improvements. Among those that reviewers have enumerated the following examples are notable. In the old editions, Bloom, as he looks in the window of a tea merchant, feels the heat:

> So warm. His right hand once more slowly went over again: choice blend, made of the finest Ceylon brands.

This makes no sense. The new edition recovers some lost words:

> So warm. His right hand once more slowly went over his brow and hair. Then he put on his hat again, relieved: and read again: choice blend ...

Another perplexity in the old version comes in this passage:

> Ask them a question they ask you another. Good idea if you're in a cart.

We now learn it should have read:

> Ask them a question they ask you another. Good idea if you're stuck. Gain time. But then you're in a cart.

Similarly, old editions read, inscrutably,

> Smells on all sides, bunched together. Each person too.

when what Joyce wrote was:

> Smells on all sides bunched together. Each street different smell. Each person too.

As Stephen walks along Sandymount strand, in the earlier edition,

> Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles, breathing upward sewage breath.

The new edition shows that Joyce intended a more elaborate fusion of water and fire:

> Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles, breathing upward sewage breath, a pocket of seaweed smouldered in seafire under a midden of man's ashes.

Bloom, resting after his exertions inspired by Gerty MacDowell on the sea shore, sleepily links fragments of happenings and imaginings:

> heave under embon *señorita* young eyes Mulvey plump years dreams return

when Joyce intended a richer associative cluster,

> heave under embon *señorita* young eyes Mulvey plump bubs me breadvan Winkle red slippers she rusty sleep wander years of dreams return

It appears that the famous telegram from Simon Dedalus to Stephen did not read when delivered to him in Paris, 'Mother dying come home father,' but 'Nother dying come home father.' Hence it was, as Stephen recalls, a 'curiosity to show.' The typesetters could not believe their eyes in this instance, nor in another when Bella Cohen's fan asks, 'Have you forgotten me?' and is answered, 'Nes. Yo.' They changed it to 'Yes. No.' And by printing, 'Cheese digests all but itself. Mighty cheese,' they lost Bloom's pun, 'Mity cheese.'

For purposes of interpretation, the most significant of the many small changes in Gabler's text has to do with the question that Stephen puts to his mother at the climax of the brothel scene, itself the climax of the novel. Stephen is appalled by his mother's ghost, but like Ulysses he seeks information from her. His mother says, 'You sang that song to me. *Love's bitter mystery.*' Stephen responds 'eagerly,' as the stage direction says, 'Tell me the word, mother, if you know now. The word known to all men.' She fails to provide it. This passage has been much interpreted. Most readers have supposed that the word known to all men must be love, though one critic maintains that it is death, and another that it is synteresis; the latter sounds like the one word unknown to all men.

Professor Gabler has been able to settle this matter by recovering a passage left out of the scene that takes place in the National Library. Whether Joyce omitted it deliberately or not is still a matter of conjecture and debate. Gabler postulates an eyeskip from one ellipsis to another, leading to the omission of several lines—the longest omission in the book. These lines read in manuscript:

> Do you know what you are talking about? Love, yes. Word known to all men. *Amor vero aliquid alicui bonum vult unde et ea quae concupiscimus ...*

The Latin conjoins two phrases in Thomas Aquinas's *Summa contra gentiles.* Aquinas is distinguishing between love, which as he says in the first six words, 'genuinely wishes another's good,' and, in the next five, a selfish desire to secure our own pleasure 'on account of which we desire these things,' meaning lovelessly and for our own good, not another's. In Joyce's play *Exiles* Richard explains love to the sceptical Robert as meaning 'to wish someone well.' In accepting this view Stephen Dedalus is following his master Dante, who has Virgil say, in Canto XVII of the *Purgatorio*—that canto in which the meaning of purgatory is set forth—'Neither Creator nor creature, my son, was ever without love ... and this you know' (Singleton translation).

Now that the word known to all men is established as love, Stephen's question to his mother's ghost can be seen to connect with the hope his living mother expressed at the end of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, that outside Ireland he will learn what the heart is and what it feels. It connects also with Leopold Bloom, who in an equally tense moment in Barney Kiernan's pub declares, 'But it's no use ... Force, hatred, history, all that. That's not life for men and women, insult and hatred. And everybody knows that it's the very opposite of that that is really life.' 'What?' he is asked. 'Love,' Bloom is forced to say, and adds in embarrassment, 'I mean the opposite of hatred.' He drops the subject and leaves. That simple statement of his is immediately mocked by those left behind. The citizen comments, 'A new apostle to the gentiles ... Universal love.' John Wyse Power offers a weak defence: 'Well ... Isn't that what we're told. Love your neighbour.' The citizen, not wanting to be caught in impiety, changes his tack

from mocking love to mocking Bloom: 'That chap? ... Beggar my neighbour is his motto. Love, moya! He's a nice pattern of a Romeo and Juliet.' At this point one of two narrators in this episode, who has scattered syrup intermittently during it, takes up the love theme: 'Love loves to love love ... You love a certain person. And this person loves that other person because everybody loves somebody but God loves everybody.' Does this twaddle invalidate Bloom's remark? Some have said so, but we may find the mockery more qualified if we remember that it parodies not only Bloom but Joyce's master, Dante, and Dante's master, Thomas Aquinas. (Aquinas declares, in the *Summa theologica*, that 'God is love and loves all things.') It is the kind of parody that protects seriousness by immediately going away from intensity. Love cannot be discussed without peril, but Bloom has nobly named it.

The larger implications of *Ulysses* follow from the accord of Bloom and Stephen about love. Both men are against the tyranny of Church and State, and the tyranny of jingoism—tyrannies that make history a nightmare from which Bloom, like Stephen, is trying to awake. What they are for is also explicit. If we consider the book as a whole, the theme of love will be seen to pervade it. '*Love's bitter mystery*,' quoted repeatedly from Yeats's poem 'Who goes with Fergus?', is something Stephen remembers having sung to his mother on her deathbed. It is something that Buck Mulligan, though he is the first to quote the poem, cannot understand, being himself the spirit that always denies. It is alien also to the experience of the womanizer Blazes Boylan. But Bloom does understand it, and so does Molly Bloom, and both cherish moments of affection from their lives together as crucial points from which to judge later events.

The nature of love has to be more intimately anatomized, subjected to attacks of various kinds. On the sea shore Gerty MacDowell claims soulful love, yet her physical urges make their sly presence felt. The body pretends to be soul but isn't. In the following episode in the maternity hospital, the medical students scorn love and deal only with the intromission of male into female parts. The soul pretends to be body but isn't. In the brothel scene Stephen defies the forces of hatred, violence and history in the form of the British soldiers, his mother's threats of hellfire and Old Gummy Granny's insistence that he lose his life for Ireland. Bloom similarly opposes the British soldiers, the sadistic nun and the Irish police, as well as the sexual brutality of the brothel. He does so partly out of concern for Stephen—comradely and paternal love being among the forms that love takes. At the end of the brothel episode Bloom confirms Stephen's theory that artistic creation is like natural creation, being dependent upon an act of love in the mental womb of the artist, when he imaginatively evokes the figure of his dead son Rudy, not misshapen as he was when he died at eleven days, but as he might have been at eleven years. Finally, in the last episode of the book, Molly Bloom, after some equivocation between her physical longing for Boylan and her thoughts of Bloom, comes down firmly on the side of Bloom and of

their old feelings for each other. She proves by her discrimination that love is a blend of mind and body.

Joyce is of course wary of stating so distinctly as Virgil does to Dante in *The Divine Comedy* his conception of love as the omnipresent force in the universe. As a young man he had the greatest difficulty in telling Nora Barnacle that he loved her, and Molly Bloom, on the subject of Bloom's declaration of love during their courtship, remembers, 'I had the devils own job to get it out of him.' But allowing for the obliquity necessary to preserve the novel from didacticism or sentimentality, we perceive that the word known to the whole book is love in its various forms, sexual, parental, filial, brotherly, and by extension social. It is so glossed by Stephen, Bloom, and Molly. At the end the characters, discombobulated in the brothel, return to their habitual identities as if like Kant they had weathered Hume's scepticism. *Ulysses* revolts against history as hatred and violence, and speaks in its most intense moments of their opposite. It does so with the keenest sense of how love can degenerate into dreamy creaminess or into brutishness, can claim to be all soul or all body, when only in the union of both can it truly exist. Like other comedies, *Ulysses* ends in a vision of reconciliation rather than of sundering. Affection between human beings, however transitory, however qualified, is the closest we can come to paradise. That it loses its force does not invalidate it. Dante says that Adam and Eve's paradise lasted only six hours, and Proust reminds us that the only true paradise is the one we have lost. But the word known to all men has been defined and affirmed, regardless of whether or not it is subject to diminution.

It has been said that Molly Bloom's thoughts may not end. But Joyce has put a fullstop to them. The fullstop comes just at the moment when her memories culminate in a practical demonstration of the nature of love which bears out what Stephen and Bloom have said more abstractly. Another critical suggestion has been that Joyce never finished *Ulysses*, only abandoned it, on the grounds that he was revising it up to the last moment. But many writers stop writing at deadlines, and we do not say that their books are unfinished. Joyce finished his book in the sense of regarding his work as done and in another sense as well. Because Molly Bloom countersigns with the rhythm of finality what Stephen and Bloom have said about the word known to all men, *Ulysses* is one of the most concluded books ever written.

Richard Ellmann

JAMES JOYCE

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PENGUIN BOOKS
in association with The Bodley Head

I

[1]

* Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him on the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

—*Introibo ad altare Dei.*

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called out coarsely:

—Come up, Kinch! Come up, you fearful jesuit!

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding land and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light untonsured hair, grained and hued like pale oak.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

—Back to barracks! he said sternly.

He added in a preacher's tone:

—For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine christine: body and soul and blood and ouns. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long slow whistle of call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

—Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher, gathering about his legs the loose folds of his gown. The plump shadowed face and sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate, patron of arts in the middle ages. A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips.

—The mockery of it! he said gaily. Your absurd name, an ancient Greek!

He pointed his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet, laughing to himself. Stephen Dedalus stepped up, followed him wearily halfway and sat down on the edge of the gunrest, watching him still as he propped his mirror on the parapet, dipped the brush in the bowl and lathered cheeks and neck.

Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on.

—My name is absurd too: Malachi Mulligan, two dactyls. But it has a Hellenic ring, hasn't it? Tripping and sunny like the buck himself. We must go to Athens. Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out twenty quid?

He laid the brush aside and, laughing with delight, cried:

—Will he come? The jejune jesuit!

Ceasing, he began to shave with care.

—Tell me, Mulligan, Stephen said quietly.

—Yes, my love?

—How long is Haines going to stay in this tower?

Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder.

—God, isn't he dreadful? he said frankly. A ponderous Saxon. He thinks you're not a gentleman. God, these bloody English! Bursting with money and indigestion. Because he comes from Oxford. You know, Dedalus, you have the real Oxford manner. He can't make you out. O, my name for you is the best: Kinch, the knifeblade.

He shaved warily over his chin.

—He was raving all night about a black panther, Stephen said. Where is his guncase?

—A woful lunatic! Mulligan said. Were you in a funk?

—I was, Stephen said with energy and growing fear. Out here in the dark with a man I don't know raving and moaning to himself about shooting a black panther. You saved men from drowning. I'm not a hero, however. If he stays on here I am off.

Buck Mulligan frowned at the lather on his razorblade. He hopped down from his perch and began to search his trouser pockets hastily.

—Scutter! he cried thickly.

He came over to the gunrest and, thrusting a hand into Stephen's upper pocket, said:

—Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor.

Stephen suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corner a dirty crumpled handkerchief. Buck Mulligan wiped the razorblade neatly. Then, gazing over the handkerchief, he said:

—The bard's noserag! A new art colour for our Irish poets: snotgreen. You can almost taste it, can't you?

He mounted to the parapet again and gazed out over Dublin bay, his fair oakpale hair stirring slightly.

—God! he said quietly. Isn't the sea what Algy calls it: a great sweet mother? The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. *Epi oinopa ponton.* Ah, Dedalus, the Greeks! I must teach you. You must read them in the

original. *Thalatta! Thalatta!* She is our great sweet mother. Come and look.

Stephen stood up and went over to the parapet. Leaning on it he looked down on the water and on the mailboat clearing the harbourmouth of Kingstown.

—Our mighty mother! Buck Mulligan said.

He turned abruptly his grey searching eyes from the sea to Stephen's face.

—The aunt thinks you killed your mother, he said. That's why she won't let me have anything to do with you.

—Someone killed her, Stephen said gloomily.

—You could have knelt down, damn it, Kinch, when your dying mother asked you, Buck Mulligan said. I'm hyperborean as much as you. But to think of your mother begging you with her last breath to kneel down and pray for her. And you refused. There is something sinister in you ....

He broke off and lathered again lightly his farther cheek. A tolerant smile curled his lips.

—But a lovely mummer! he murmured to himself. Kinch, the loveliest mummer of them all!

He shaved evenly and with care, in silence, seriously.

Stephen, an elbow rested on the jagged granite, leaned his palm against his brow and gazed at the fraying edge of his shiny black coatsleeve. Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart. Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes. Across the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by the wellfed voice beside him. The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid. A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting.

Buck Mulligan wiped again his razorblade.

—Ah, poor dogsbody! he said in a kind voice. I must give you a shirt and a few noserags. How are the secondhand breeks?

—They fit well enough, Stephen answered.

Buck Mulligan attacked the hollow beneath his underlip.

—The mockery of it, he said contentedly. Secondleg they should be. God knows what poxy bowsy left them off. I have a lovely pair with a hair stripe, grey. You'll look spiffing in them. I'm not joking, Kinch. You look damn well when you're dressed.

—Thanks, Stephen said. I can't wear them if they are grey.

—He can't wear them, Buck Mulligan told his face in the mirror. Etiquette is etiquette. He kills his mother but he can't wear grey trousers.

He folded his razor neatly and with stroking palps of fingers felt the smooth skin.